

BATMAN

HERE'S A
NEW GUN FROM
THE FOLKS BACK
HOME,
SOLDIER!

YEP! THE
FOLKS THAT'RE
BACKING THE
**7TH WAR
LOAN!**



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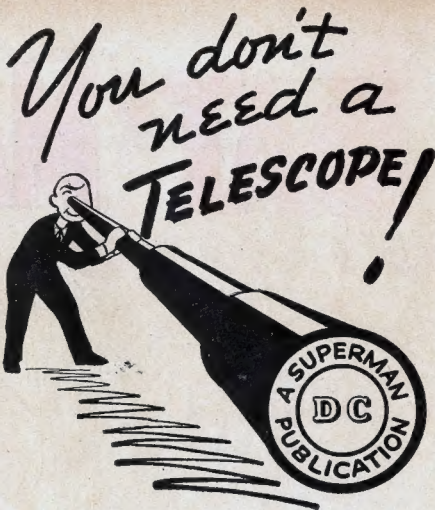
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WHEN YOU'RE
SHOPPING FOR THE
BEST IN COMICS,
YOU DON'T HAVE
FAR TO LOOK!
IT'S RIGHT UNDER
YOUR NOSE, ON
EVERY NEWSSTAND
—THE SUPERMAN
DC SYMBOL... YOUR
GUARANTEE OF TOP
ENTERTAINMENT
IN ADVENTURE
AND HUMOR!



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER -

THAT
PREDATORY BIRD
OF ILL OMEN, THE
PENGUIN, IS OUT
AGAIN—AND ONCE MORE
THE CROOK-CATCHING
TEAM OF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**
HAS FAST AND FURIOUS
WORK TO DO! AND SINCE
PERIL ALWAYS POURS WHEN
THE DROLL LITTLE DESIGNER
OF DEVILTRY FARES FORTH
WITH HIS SINISTER UMBRELLAS,
THE DYNAMIC DUO MUST RUB
ELBOWS WITH SUDDEN
DEATH MORE THAN ONCE
BEFORE SENDING
THE FUGITIVE...

"BACK TO
THE
BIG HOUSE!"

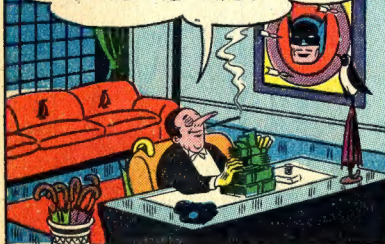


BOB
KANE



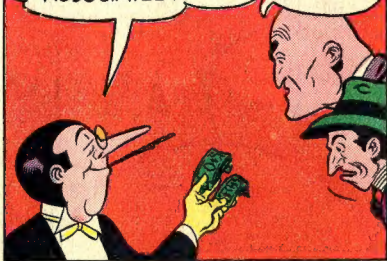
THE PENGUIN FEATHERS HIS NEST...

SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
A FAIR START ON MY RETURN
JOURNEY FROM THE BIG HOUSE
TO THE BIG TIME!



FOR YOU, HAMMER—AND
YOU, TONGS! LET IT
NEVER BE SAID THAT
I NEGLECT MY LOYAL
ASSOCIATES!

HUH?
IS DIS
ALL WE
GET?



COMPLAINTS,
EH? LET ME
SHOW YOU
MY NEWEST
DESIGN IN
UMBRELLAS,
ONE THAT
PROTECTS ME
— BUT NOT MY
ENEMY—AGAINST
THE LIQUID FIRE
IT EJECTS!

NIX, BOSS!
CAN'T YA
TAKE A
JOKE?

HONEST,
WE WAS
ONLY
KIDDIN'!



MEANWHILE,
THE PUBLIC
LEARNS OF AN
EVENT THAT
PRECEDED
THE ONE-SIDED
DIVISION OF
THE SPOILS...

GOTHAM CITY GAZETTE
3 PAYROLL
BANDITS USE
UMBRELLA
BOMB ON
ARMORED
TRUCK!

IN THE HOME OF BRUCE
WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG
WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

SO THE PENGUIN
HAS FINALLY
PULLED HIS
FIRST JOB
SINCE BREAKING
JAIL! HERE'S
WHERE BATMAN
AND ROBIN GO
INTO ACTION
AGAIN!

WHERE
AND
HOW
WOULD
YOU
SUGGEST
THAT
THEY
BEGIN?



I WISH I KNEW!
TOO BAD HE WON'T
BE AMONG THOSE
KING PENGUINS
FROM ANTARCTICA
BEING PRESENTED
TO THE ZOO
TOMORROW!

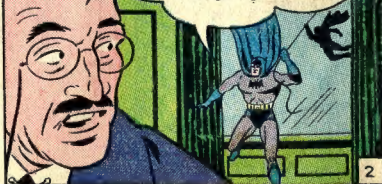
STRANGE
AS IT
MAY SEEM,
DICK, I
BELIEVE
YOU'VE GIVEN
ME AN
IDEA!

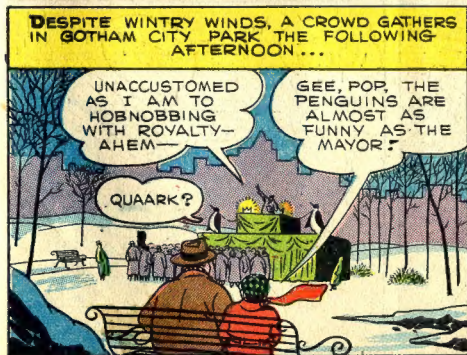
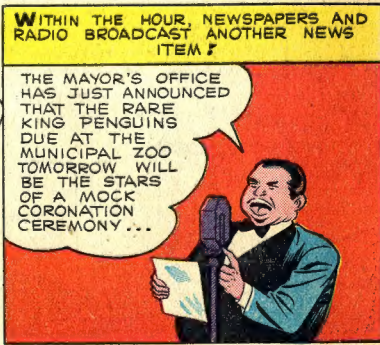
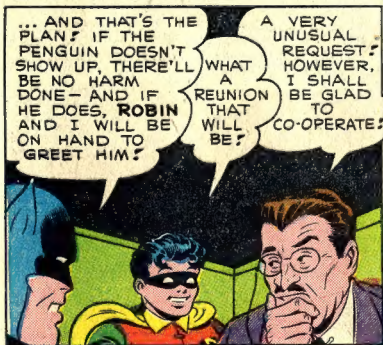


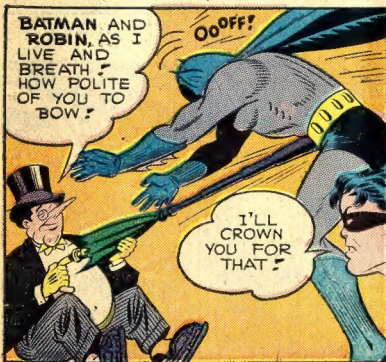
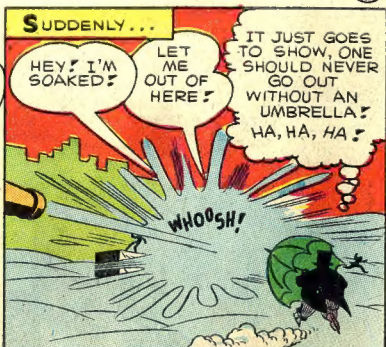
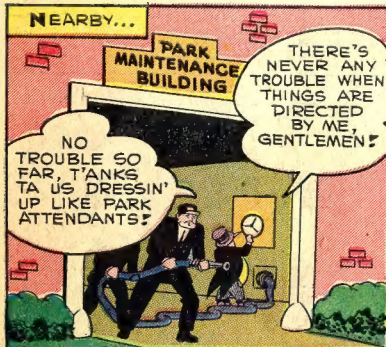
MINUTES LATER, AT THE MAYOR'S
OFFICE IN CITY HALL...

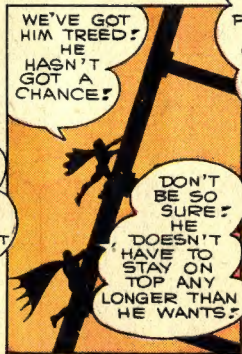
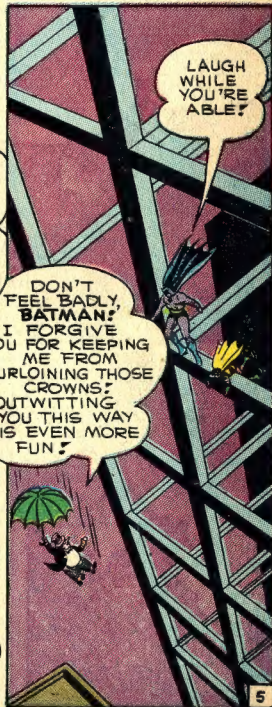
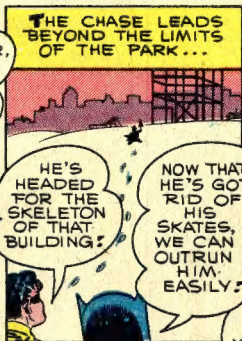
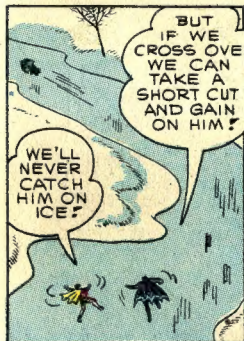
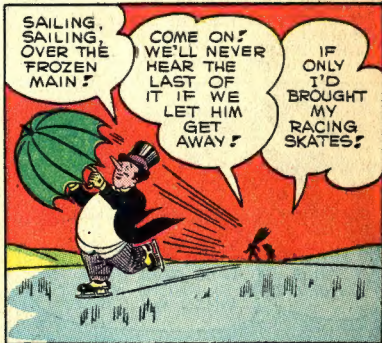
BATMAN!
ROBIN!

EXCUSE US FOR
NOT ANNOUNCING
OURSELVES, YOUR
HONOR—BUT WE'D
RATHER THE
REPORTERS KNEW
NOTHING OF THIS
VISIT!









THE BATMAN'S STEEL-STRONG SILKEN ROPE, WORN BENEATH HIS UTILITY BELT, HISSES THROUGH THE AIR!



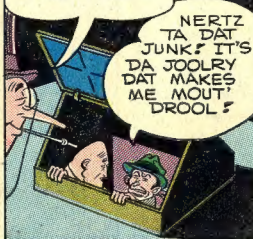


MIDNIGHT, AT GOTHAM CITY'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE...

I'VE MADE SURE THE BURGLAR ALARM SYSTEM DOESN'T EXTEND TO THE SKYLIGHT, SO WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT INTERRUPTIONS!

YA T'INK OF EVERYTH'G, PENGUIN?

YOU'LL FIND THE LUXURY SHOP ON THE THIRD FLOOR! YOU CAN'T MISS THE PAINTINGS, TAPESTRIES AND RARE VASES!



NERTZ TA DAT JUNK! IT'S DA JOOLRY DAT MAKES ME MOUT' DROOL!

BUT AS THE WILY PENGUIN BEGINS HIS DESCENT HE CASTS A LAST LOOK AROUND—AND SPIES AN OMINOUS SILHOUETTE ON A NEIGHBORING ROOF TOP!

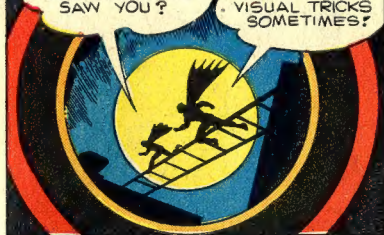
THE BATMAN!
HOW DID HE EVER TRACE ME HERE?



A MINUTE LATER...

HE LOOKED RIGHT TOWARD YOU, **BATMAN!** DO YOU THINK HE SAW YOU?

HARD TO TELL! THE NIGHT PLAYS STRANGE VISUAL TRICKS SOMETIMES!



WITHIN THE STORE...

BATMAN! JEEPERS—WE BETTER LAM!

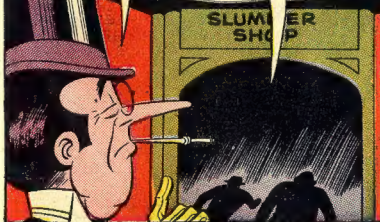
YEAH! ONCE IN A LIFETIME IS TOO OFTEN TA TANGLE WIT' DAT GUY!

DO YOU DOUBT MY ABILITY TO OUTWIT HIM? STOP JITTERING AND LISTEN TO MY PLAN—



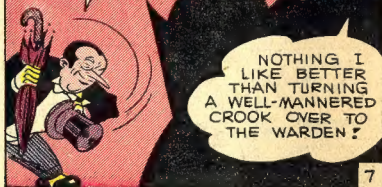
NOW GET TO YOUR POSTS AND BE READY TO FOLLOW ORDERS!

OH, WELL, DEM MATTRESSES'LL BE SOFT TA LAND ON IF YA SCHEME DON'T WOIK, BOSS!

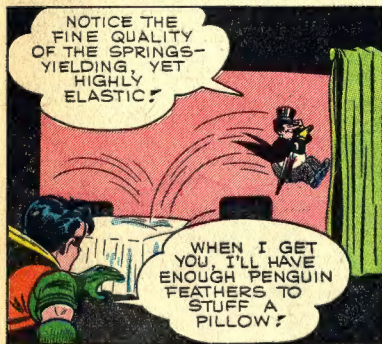
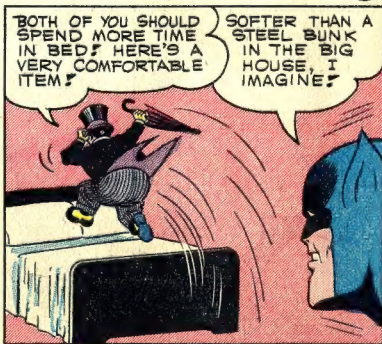
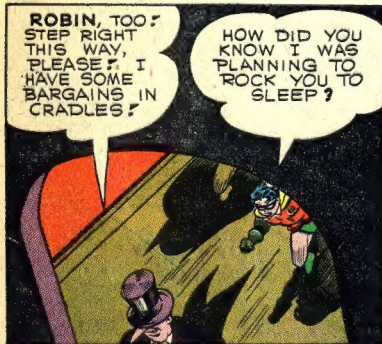


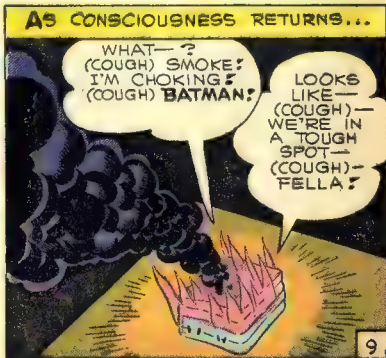
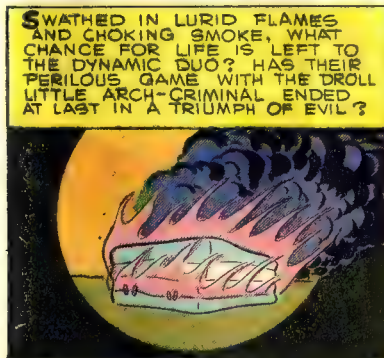
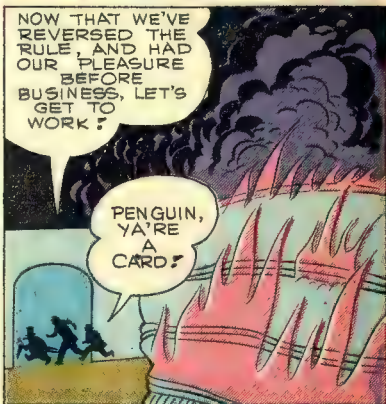
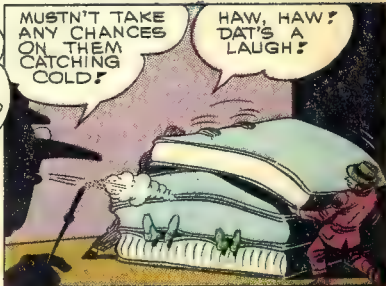
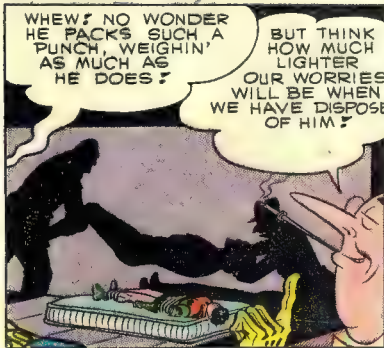
NEXT INSTANT...

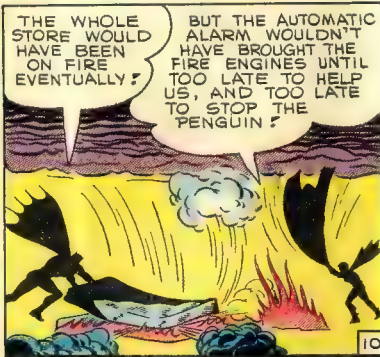
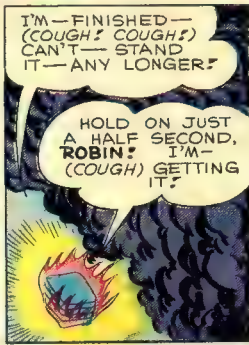
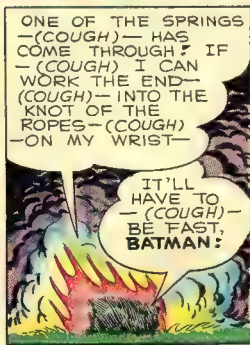
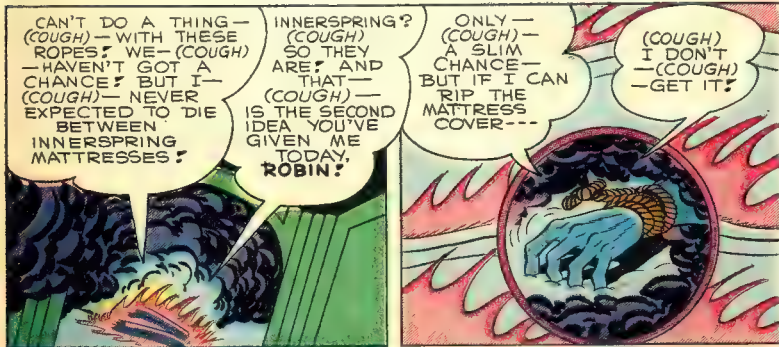
I AM HONORED TO HAVE SUCH A DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE AS MY FIRST CUSTOMER!



NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN TURNING A WELL-MANNERED CROOK OVER TO THE WARDEN!

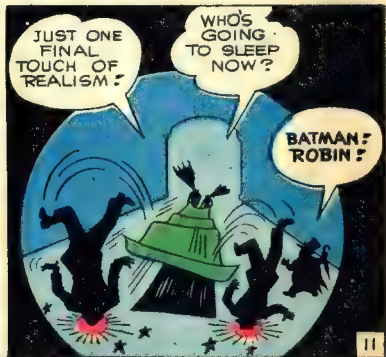
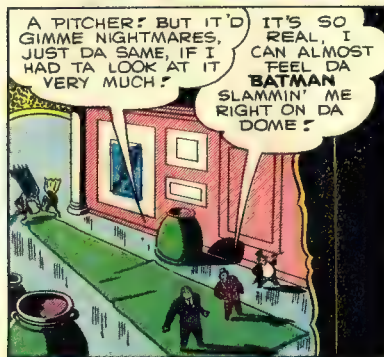
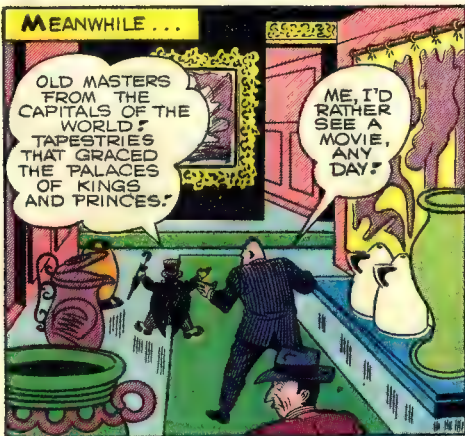


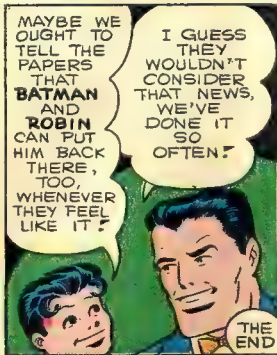
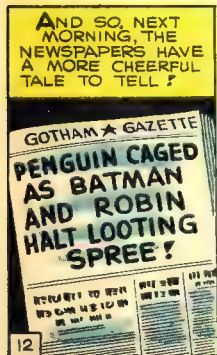
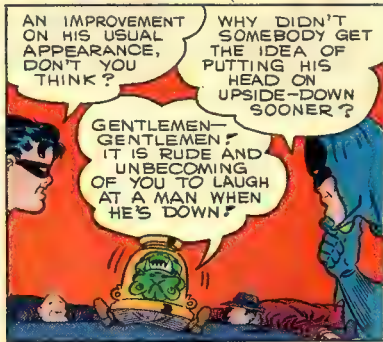
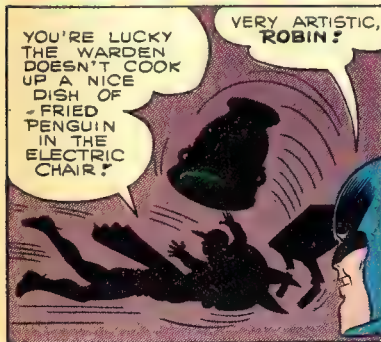
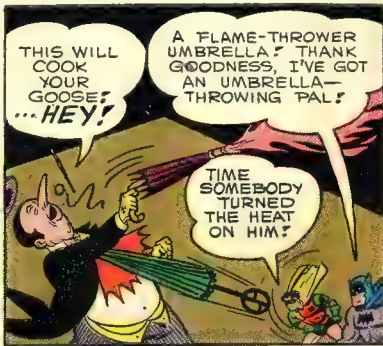
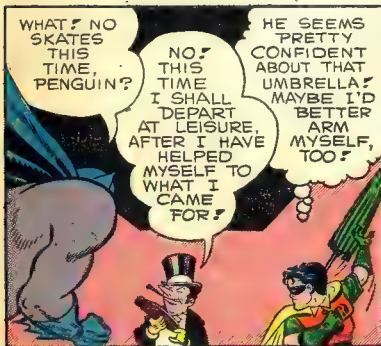






MEANWHILE ...





Meet a



Folks, do you like golden, delicious honey?... and crisp, munchy toasted almonds? You do? Then you'll love BIT-O-HONEY. This *differently* delicious candy bar blends these taste-favorites with healthful milk and other energy-foods into the best candy bar you've ever tasted. BIT-O-HONEY comes already cut and wrapped in six bite-sized pieces... so that it's the most delicious and the most convenient candy bar to eat anywhere, anytime. Today...

Eat a



A "Honey"
of a candy bar

5¢

You'll like OLD NICK, too... a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? *It has a special meaning!*

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find *yours* by using the Number-Alphabet below.



"One" individuals aspire to greatness. They are independent, aggressive and possess daring spirits; have the unusual ability of making actions and thoughts work in perfect harmony.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S name adds up to ONE—Does Yours?

Example: W I N S T O N C H U R C H I L L
 $5+9+5+1+2+6+5+3+8+3+9+3+8+9+3+3=82$
 $8+2=10 \quad 1+0=1$

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "One", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	B-K-T are "2"	C-L-U are "3"
D-M-V are "4"	E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"	I-R are "9"

YOURS
FREE

Want the key to *your* number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY book "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

"BIT-O-HONEY"
Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo
Please send me—absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet.

Name _____ (please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

If you are under 18, check here _____
Regardless of your age, you get your Number book let FREE.

GOLLY! HE'S GOING TO
SWING ALL FIVE! WHAT
A WHEATIES
FAN!



WHAT A WHEATIES FAN YOU'LL
BE -- WHEN YOU SWING INTO A
BIG BOWLFUL OF THOSE CRISP
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. FLOOD
'EM WITH COOL, RICH MILK.
SMOTHER 'EM WITH JUICY, FRESH FRUIT.
GOLLY! THAT'S GOOD EATING.

WHAT NOURISHMENT! ALL THE WIDELY
KNOWN ESSENTIAL FOOD VALUES OF REAL
WHOLE GRAIN. WHAT FLAVOR! A RIGHT
COMBINATION OF ZIPPY TOASTED TASTES
AND MELLOW MALT-SWEET SYRUP.

STEP UP TO LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT,
AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAK-
FAST OF CHAMPIONS"-- TOMORROW
MORNING.

HEAVY HITTING
NOURISHMENT IN
WHEATIES.

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS™
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
A Product of General Mills, Inc.

"Wheaties" and
"Breakfast of
Champions" are
registered trade
marks of
General Mills, Inc.

WITH

ROBIN

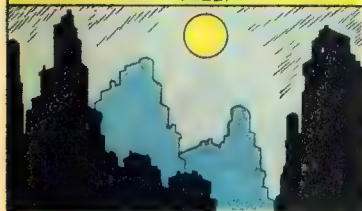
- THE BOY WONDER -

EVER REALIZE HOW
MANY PEOPLE ARE AT
WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP?
YOU'D BE SURPRISED!
AND IT IS TO THAT VAST
ARMY OF NIGHT-WORKERS
THAT THIS STORY IS DEDICATED
BY THOSE VERY SPECIAL NIGHT-
WORKERS, **BATMAN AND ROBIN!**
TO THE NIGHT WATCHMAN,
HOSPITAL EMPLOYEES, SUBWAY-
TRACK INSPECTORS, POWER PLANT
SUPERVISORS, CABBIES, FACTORY
TOLERS, AND ALL THE OTHERS,
TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION,
WHO WORK...

"WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS!"



NIGHT FALLS OVER GOTHAM CITY. THE HOURS PASS. ONE BY ONE THE LIGHTS WINK OUT. THE CITY SLEEPS.



BUT SOME LIGHTS LINGER, AS IN THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON---

OKAY, YOUNGSTER... WE'RE GOING OUT TONIGHT, BUT NOT TO CATCH CROOKS. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A TASTE OF NIGHT-LIFE!

NIGHT-LIFE? YOU'RE NOT KIDDING, ARE YOU?



LATER, THE FOOTSTEPS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN ECHO HOLLOWLY IN DESERTED CITY STREETS...

SURE IS QUIET, THIS TIME OF NIGHT.

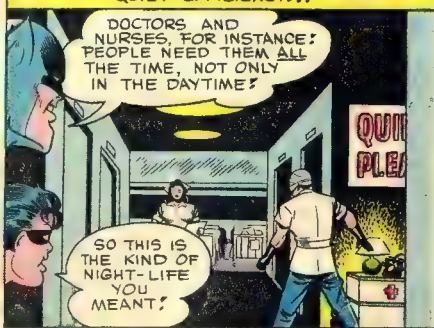
YES! YOU WOULDN'T THINK THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WERE AWAKE, BUT THEY ARE! AND A GOOD THING, TOO!



BATMAN GUIDES ROBIN INTO A BUILDING WHERE FIGURES IN WHITE MOVE WITH QUIET EFFICIENCY...

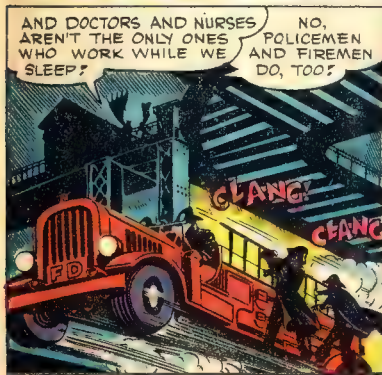
DOCTORS AND NURSES, FOR INSTANCE! PEOPLE NEED THEM ALL THE TIME, NOT ONLY IN THE DAYTIME!

SO THIS IS THE KIND OF NIGHT-LIFE YOU MEANT?



AND DOCTORS AND NURSES AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO WORK WHILE WE SLEEP!

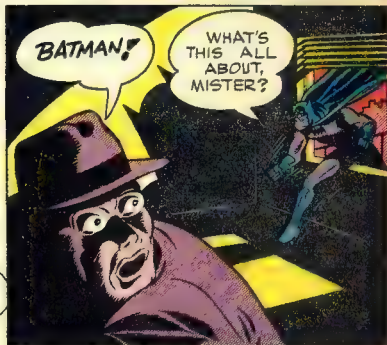
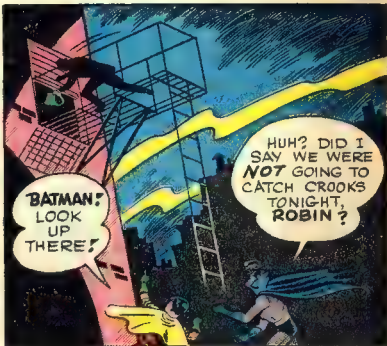
NO, POLICEMEN AND FIREMEN DO, TOO!

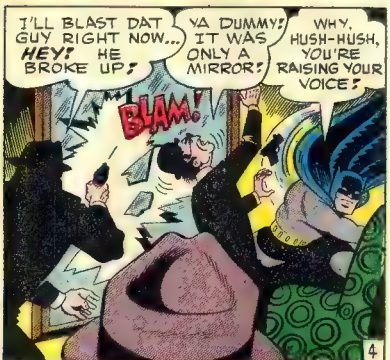
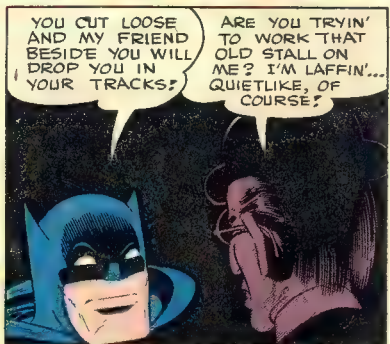


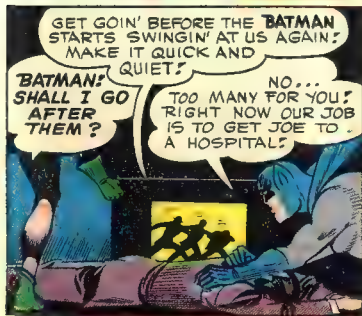
AND TELEPHONE OPERATORS!

GOLLY, YES! PEOPLE HAVE TO BE REACHED BY PHONE AT ALL TIMES!











MINUTES LATER... AFTER AN EMERGENCY OPERATION...

THE MAN WILL RECOVER, BATMAN, BUT I MUST KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM FOR THE HOSPITAL RECORDS. HOW DID HE GET SHOT?

"- GOT TO COVER UP FOR JOE -"

ROBIN AND I WERE BATTLING SOME THUGS! HE TRIED TO HELP US AND STOPPED A BULLET!



STILL LATER...

RADIO AND EVERYTHING! ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME!

YEAH... I'M OKAY... BUT THE MONEY! WILL YOU DELIVER IT?... AND WILL YOU TELL MY GIRL I'M OKAY? SHE WORKS AT THE GOTHAM HALL! SHE'S A BALLET DANCER...

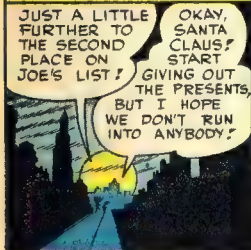
I'LL TELL HER TOMORROW! NO USE WORRYING HER TONIGHT! AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE MONEY! NOW YOU LISTEN TO THE MUSIC AND RELAX!



AFTERWARDS... THE MOON AGAIN LOOKS DOWN ON THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN...

JUST A LITTLE FURTHER TO THE SECOND PLACE ON JOE'S LIST!

OKAY, SANTA CLAUS! START GIVING OUT THE PRESENTS, BUT I HOPE WE DON'T RUN INTO ANYBODY!



OH, THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! I'M JOE'S GIRL... ANN! HE JUST CALLED ME FROM THE HOSPITAL... SAID YOU'D PASS HERE! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU!

OOOPS!



BUT NOT HERE! TOO DANGEROUS! WE'LL GO TO THE THEATRE WHERE I DANCE! IT'S USUALLY DESERTED AT THIS HOUR!

OKAY, ANN! LEAD THE WAY!



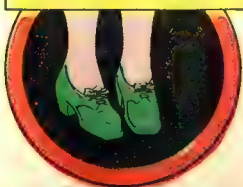
A FEW MOMENTS LATER... BACK-STAGE THROUGH THE PROP DEPARTMENT OF THE WORLD-FAMED GOTHAM HALL THEATRE...

DID SHE SAY DESERTED?

OH, THE SCRUB WOMAN! THAT'S ANOTHER PART OF YOUR NIGHT LIFE! ALL OVER THE CITY THEY GET BUILDINGS READY FOR THE NEXT MORNING!



BUT AS THE GIRL TURNS TO FACE THEM, **BATMAN** NOTICES SOMETHING ABOUT HER FEET...



REMEMBER JOE SAID HIS GIRL WAS A **BALLET DANCER**? A TRAINED BALLET DANCER ALWAYS WALKS WITH HER TOES POINTING **OUTWARD** BECAUSE IT STRENGTHENS THE LEGS AND BECAUSE BALLET DANCING REQUIRES HER TO WALK LIKE THAT! LOOK AT THAT GIRL'S FEET! SHE WALKS SLIGHTLY **PIGEON-TOED**!



GOLLY, THEN WE'RE WALKING INTO A **TRAP**!



YOU MEAN **WALKED**?



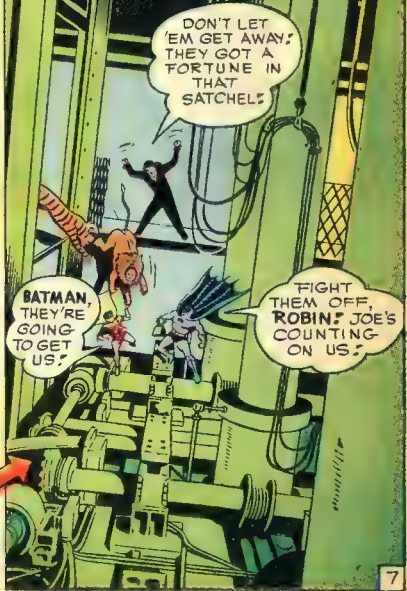
HUSH-HUSH! WELL... ALL THESE FANCY ARRANGEMENTS JUST TO GET US?

NOTHIN' AIN'T TOO FANCY SO LONG AS IT CATCHES YOU. **BATMAN**? GET 'EM, BOYS... AN' PLEASE, NO NOISE!



WOW! LOOKS LIKE A REGULAR WHO'S ZOO!

NO TIME FOR PUNS, **ROBIN**! ACROSS THAT ELEVATOR PIT! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THIS MONEY!

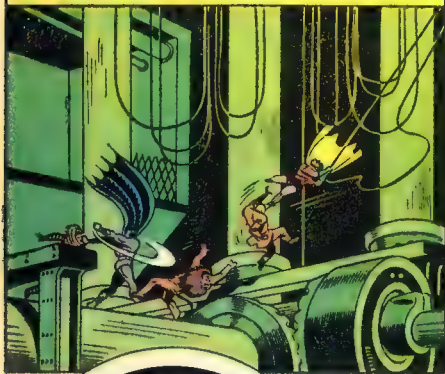


DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY! THEY GOT A FORTUNE IN THAT **SATCHEL**!

BATMAN, THEY'RE GOING TO GET US!

FIGHT THEM OFF, **ROBIN**! JOE'S COUNTING ON US!

THE TWO TEAR INTO THE BANDITS!
THEY'VE GOT A FIGHT ON THEIR
HANDS AND THEY KNOW IT!



SOMETIME AFTERWARD...

OOH!
THAT NOISE
IN MY
HEAD!

RRR-RRR-

IT ISN'T
FROM THAT
SOCK! IT'S THE
ELEVATOR—
AND IT'S
COMING
DOWN ON
US!

BEST
SPOT I
EVER
SAW
FOR A
SHORT-
CIRCUIT!
BLESS
THE WORK-
MAN WHO
DROPPED
THIS!

BATMAN! WE'VE
GOT TO DO
SOMETHING
QUICK OR
WE'RE
GONERS!

WOW!
TALK ABOUT
MIRACLES! A
RUBBER-HANDLED
SCREW
DRIVER!

IT'S
STOPPED!
YOU
DID
IT!

LATER...

WE'VE LET
JOE DOWN!
HUSH-HUSH
TOOK THE BAG
OF MONEY!
OH... DON'T
TELL ME
THAT'S MY
HEAD
THUMPING
AGAIN!

SOUNDS
TO ME
LIKE IT'S
COMING
FROM
THAT
CLOSET
DOOR!

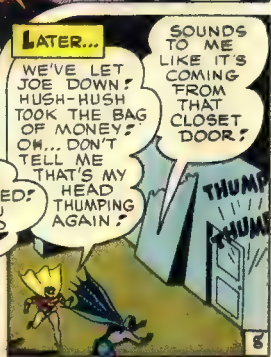
THUMP
THUMP

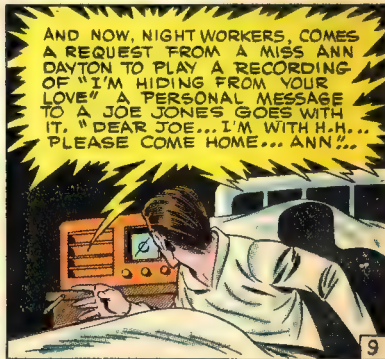
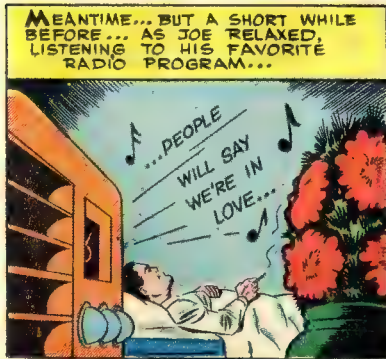
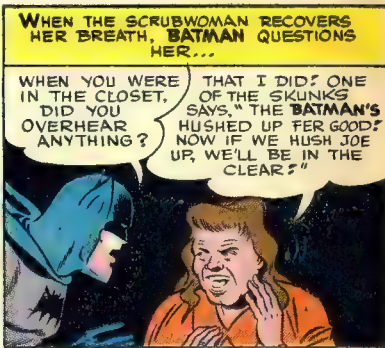
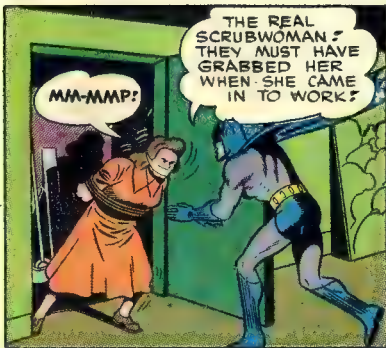
THEN—

BATMAN,
I—I
SLIPPED—

ROBIN!
LOOK
OU...
UGH!

SH!
QUIET!





THOUGH STILL WEAK FROM HIS WOUND, JOE PUSHES HIMSELF OFF THE BED...

ANN... HUSH-HUSH HAS GOT HER... TOOK HER TO THE HIDEOUT; GOT TO GET THERE... SAVE ANN... SWEET KID... SHOULDN'T GET HURT BECAUSE OF ME...



MEANWHILE...

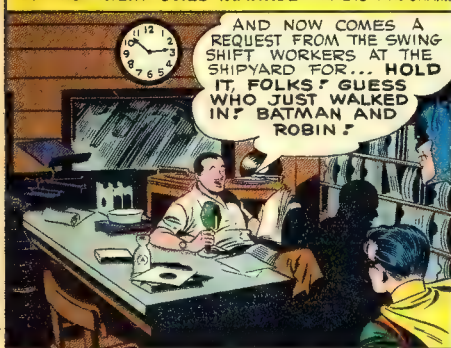
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RADIO STATION FAST! LUCKY FOR US SOME CAB DRIVERS WORK ALL NIGHT!

I'M BEGINNING TO GET AN IDEA JUST HOW IMPORTANT NIGHT WORK IS!



MINUTES LATER... THE TWO ENTER THE STUDIO OF THE "NIGHT OWLS MATINEE" RADIO PROGRAM.

AND NOW COMES A REQUEST FROM THE SWING SHIFT WORKERS AT THE SHIPYARD FOR... HOLD IT, FOLKS! GUESS WHO JUST WALKED IN? BATMAN AND ROBIN!



GO ON, BATMAN? SAY SOMETHING TO THE FOLKS!

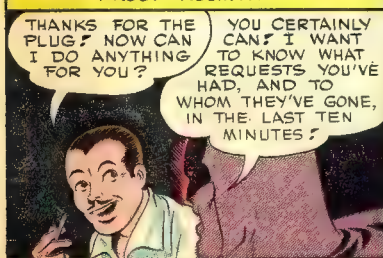
FOLKS, YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN HEARING MY TONGUE WAG? YOU'RE WAITING TO HEAR DAN SHAWN AND HIS FINE ALL-NIGHT MUSIC THAT MAKES THINGS PLEASANTER FOR YOU PEOPLE OUT THERE WORKING THROUGH THE NIGHT!



SWITCHING ON A RECORD, SHAWN LEADS BATMAN TO A SOUND PROOF ROOM...

THANKS FOR THE PLUG! NOW CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?

YOU CERTAINLY CAN! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT REQUESTS YOU'VE HAD, AND TO WHOM THEY'VE GONE, IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES!



AND NOW OUR STORY RUSHES HEADLONG THROUGH THE NIGHT... TO THE MOMENT WHEN JOE WEAKLY PUSHES OPEN A DOOR...

WHERE'S ANN? IF YOU RATS HAVE HERE, I'LL...

SHH! WHAT'RE YA KICKIN' UP SUCH A RACKET FOR? ANN AIN'T EVEN HURT! SHE AIN'T EVEN HER NAME AS BAIT... SEE WHAT I MEAN?

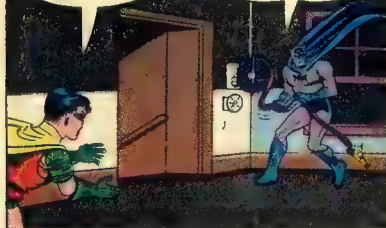




THREE FLOORS ABOVE...

WHY DON'T WE
JUST CRASH IN
ON HUSH-HUSH'S
HIDEOUT?

THIS CALLS
FOR
STRATEGY...

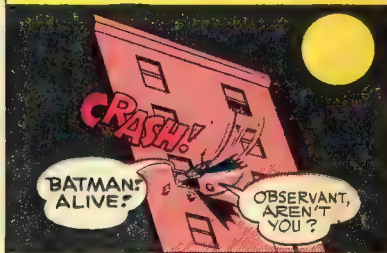


AND DOWN BELOW, IN HUSH-HUSH'S
SOUND PROOF ROOM, HIS GUNSELS
PREPARE TO CUT LOOSE WITH LEAD.
THERE IS A SUDDEN CRASH—
OF GUNFIRE?

CRASH!

BATMAN:
ALIVE?

OBSERVANT,
AREN'T
YOU?



SOMEBODY
BLAST THAT
GUY?



AND THEN...?!

HEY...
GLUG...
GLUG...

GLUG...
GLUG...

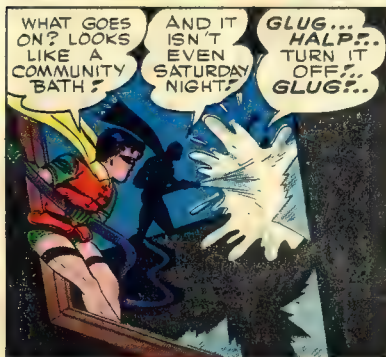
SUCH
ENLIGHTENING
DIALOGUE?



WHAT GOES
ON? LOOKS
LIKE A
COMMUNITY
BATH?

AND IT
ISN'T
EVEN
SATURDAY
NIGHT?

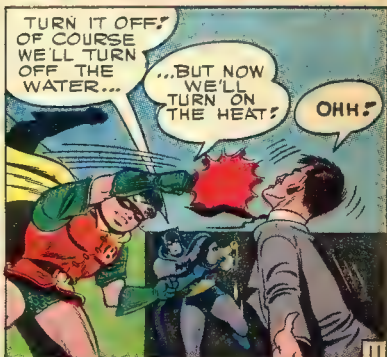
GLUG...
HALP...
TURN IT
OFF...
GLUG...
GLUG...

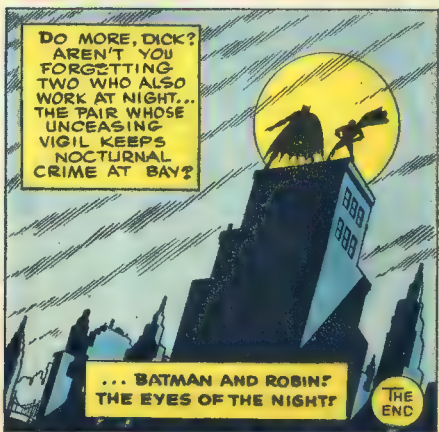
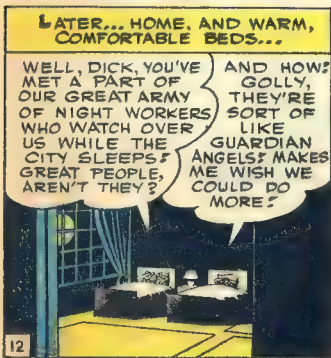
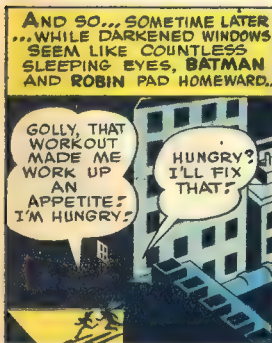
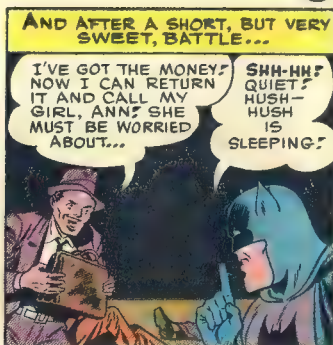


TURN IT OFF?
OF COURSE
WE'LL TURN
OFF THE
WATER...

...BUT NOW
WE'LL
TURN ON
THE HEAT?

OHH?







Hey, Look!

**WE GOT THESE SWELL
U.S. NAVY CRAFT
HOT-IRON TRANSFERS
AS PRIZES IN
KELLOGG'S SHREDDED
WHEAT!**

Hot-iron transfers of aircraft carriers, battleships, destroyers, ducks, PT boats and other Navy Craft, yours as PRIZES. One in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat! Nothing to mail or send in.

NOW you can fix your sweat shirt, jacket, swim suit or gym shirt so that it's the envy of the whole neighborhood! You can cover it with swell pictures of alligators, submarines, cruisers—in action!

Wear a real snazzy sport shirt!

All you need are these different-colored hot-iron transfers—you can easily imprint them on any article of clothing with a hot iron. That's

all! The pictures come off clean and sharp. They're long-lasting; won't wash away in soap and water.

You can select one as the secret emblem of your club and have every member of the gang wear it on his sport shirt. Or you can cover your sport shirt with different U. S. Navy Craft.

Get 'em as a PRIZE!

And just think—you don't have to send in a thing to get these prizes.

There's one in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat. And, of course, it's no trouble at all to go through a package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat *fast*. The whole family will love these crunchy toasted biscuits the way Kellogg's makes 'em. And they're as good for you as they are good to eat! So, get your package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat today—and start your Navy Craft collection today!

HERE ARE THE 12 SWELL PRIZES YOU CAN GET!



LST



U. S. Battleship



U. S. Destroyer



U. S. Heavy Cruiser



LCI



U. S. Escort Carrier



U. S. Submarine



Navy "Duck"



PT



Navy "Alligator"



U. S. Destroyer Escort



U. S. Aircraft Carrier

**Kellogg's
SHREDDED
WHEAT**

**THERE'S ONE AS A PRIZE
IN EVERY PACKAGE**



LOOK! Free Gifts AND WAR SAVING STAMPS



FOR **Popsicle* Fudgicle*
CREAMSICLE* Bags**

and other bags reading
"Licensed by Joe Lowe
Corp.", and "Save these
bags for Gifts."

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

OVER 1/2 MILLION PRIZES - FREE!

If any prize you select is not available, we will send you a 10c War Savings Stamp for every fifty Genuine Bags. This offer extends until April 1st, 1946, but is void and not extended in any State or locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited, or where any tax, license or other restriction is imposed.

Enjoy these swell Frozen Confections On-A-Stick — get these prizes! Save Bags, Pick your Prize. Ask your postman how to mail your bags and letter — address nearest Service Department listed below. Easy, isn't it?

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- No. 158 Jewelry Clip — Openwork metal reproduction of Old Masterpieces.
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- No. 130 Buckle Bracelet — Gold-Color Metal — Baked enamel — adjustable.

FOR 100 BAGS or 10c and 50 BAGS

- No. 147 Wheel of Knowledge — Asks and automatically answers 500 questions.
- No. 152 Air Pressure Catapult — Loops — Dives — Glides — Spins — Turns.
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FOR 200 BAGS or 25c and 100 BAGS

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For complete illustrated catalog, write to address below or ask at your ice cream store.



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THE POINTED PISTOL

by Jesse Merlan

SURE I always carry a gun. That small caliber pistol, there on your desk. I have to, I need that gun. And I always keep it full, loaded with six shells, too. Ready to shoot any time."

The two detectives at the police station looked at each other over the big square desk in the back room. The room where they sometimes had to question the gunmen that the city's dragnet brought in, where they argued with the tough and silent and desperate wanderers of the night. But this man they were questioning now was a queer one. He was willing to talk. Even eager to spill any info they wanted. One detective shrugged at the other, held his palms open in a surprised gesture of resignation.

"We won't have to work to sweat any story out of this pistol-toter, Lieutenant. He's going to talk long and fast even before we pop the questions."

"Listen, please listen. I know you two coppers don't understand. I know it's a little strange for a man to lug a gun around all the time, and then admit it when the police pick him up. But there's been so much excitement since you brought in Slip Dolan that no one's even heard my side of the story. Or asked why I tried to grab my gun away from Dolan while he was shooting at me."

The man's face was wrinkled with anxiety, his fat cheeks and shining bald head glistening with drops of sweat. He didn't look like a torpedo, a hired killer who packed a rod. He was big and plump and might have passed for a salesman or somebody's kind and middle-aged uncle. But he had admitted carrying around a pistol that Slip Dolan had used in his last gun fight. So the two detectives set-

tled down to listen to a confession. They wouldn't believe anything until it was proved. With facts.

"I can see you're all set to pin a five-year sentence on me. For illegal possession of firearms. But I can explain about that gun. If you'll only look and see that . . .

One detective's voice cut like a knife across the man's pleading. "No sob stuff now. Begin at the beginning. Or even further back than that. How did you meet Slip Dolan? How come he used your gun? Give. And talk straight and fast and true. Or else." He swung a pair of gleaming handcuffs meaningly.

His prisoner gulped a big mouthful of air. He almost looked like some scared and pop-eyed frog. And just as green with fear, too. But he talked.

"Well, have it your way. Here goes. Yes, I loaded that gun back in my room, slipped an extra box of shells into my pocket and started downtown to do a little job." The two detectives grinned at each other. Getting this confession was going to be a cinch.

"Tonight, less than an hour ago, at 169th Street, I took the subway going downtown. Maybe I should have started sooner because there was an awful crowd. Rush hour. And I never like people to bump up against me when I'm carrying that gun in my coat pocket. Guess I was nervous. Kept thinking that maybe I shouldn't have loaded it with shells before I was ready to use it.

"So every once in a while I kept opening my coat and making sure that the gun had the safety catch on. So it wouldn't go off and startle anyone. But it was too crowded in that subway car. And once when I shifted the pistol in my pocket, I was

sure the man next to me had seen the gun.

"Funny about that fellow. His eyes met mine for just a second after he'd spotted my gun. It was like looking at a blazing cake of ice. His eyes were hot with greed and cold with cruelty. Made me shiver. I didn't know then he was Slip Dolan, racketeer and mob boss and a man with a price on his head. I just knew that I didn't like his eyes, or the grinning wolf-amile he flashed at me.

"Then he began to crush even closer to me. Working his thin mouth closer to my ear, putting one arm around my waist. From the first second he touched me I knew he was after that gun.

"When our train stopped at the next station, I was almost tempted to run out. But somehow I couldn't. Maybe I was scared, or curious, or both. Anyhow, I had to know what this stranger wanted. I didn't have to wait long.

"He put his lips almost against my ear. You know how people get packed in a subway car. And then he began to whisper. His hoarse voice went unheard under the roar and rumble of the subway cars. But I heard enough to know I was in a tough spot.

"Hiya, pal,' was what he said. 'Slip me that rod you're packing. Fast. And you can have this century note I've got folded in my palm.'

"I knew there was something wrong. This man wanting to pay me \$100 for my gun. Sure, I was scared and suspicious and maybe trembled a little. But I raised my voice loud enough for him to hear my answer.

"'Nobody gets this gun,' I said. 'I need it, and I'm keeping it.'

"The man you detectives call Slip Dolan, his eyes got narrow-

er and harder and his whisper grew louder, more menacing. 'Slip me that gat, or I'll rip it out of your pocket. And maybe I won't give you no hundred for it. Don't get wise with me, you punk. I'm a big-timer, see? But I need a gun. Bad. And if you start anything, you'll only be giving yourself away, too. You can't afford that, I can tell from the way you're sweating about lugging a hot gat. Maybe the police want you.'

"I tried to move away from his weight crushing against me, from Slip Dolan's hand reaching into my pocket. But I couldn't. Before I squirmed away from him, he'd ripped my pocket open and grabbed my gun.

"I guess he figured I wouldn't make a fuss, raise any alarm that would bring the cops. But I struggled, snatched at the gun. That's what started the real action.

"Slip Dolan flashed my own gun in my face. Snarled at me as the subway train screeched and slid to a station stop. 'Okay! You asked for it. It won't be the first time I shot my way out of a crowd.'

"I'd thought I was jammed inside that train. But when the people around us got a glimpse of that shining gun, they seemed to melt into each other. Till there was an open circle around Slip Dolan and myself. No one screamed and there was no place to run to. The crowd simply

shrunk into itself in terror. And there was Dolan with that pistol pointed at my heart.

"Just then the car doors opened, and Dolan was set for a quick dash out. There was only one thing I could do. So I did it.

"I moved toward Slip Dolan with two slow steps. He didn't believe I'd have enough courage to take those steps. But I didn't know then that he was a wanted killer, a mob boss. I just knew I had to get my gun back.

"Dolan yelled at me. 'Back, you fool. I'll shoot you down.' I took another step. Forward, not back. No, I wasn't brave, I just had to get my pistol. Then Dolan started shooting. Once twice, three times. Then two shots in quick succession. I felt the hot blasts strike me. The red spurts from the gun blinded my eyes, their thunder deafened me. But I kept moving. On toward Dolan.

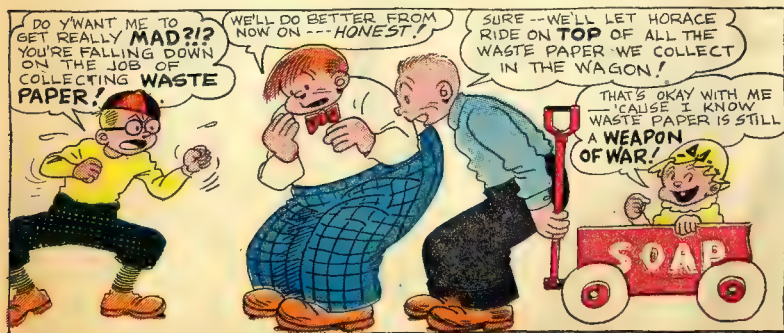
"By now, Dolan's face was twisted with fear and horror. I should have dropped, five slugs in my chest. But I reached up and made a pass at his gun hand. I closed my eyes and swung with my fists. I hit a subway post, and I missed a few times. But I also connected with Dolan's chin before the subway guards rushed in the open doors. They fell on Dolan and me, called the cops, and brought us here. . . . You know the rest."

The detectives sighed together. With weariness and disgust. This fellow was some liar. "So Dolan shot you five times, eh? And you're still alive, still talking? You don't have any magic steel vest. And how could . . ."

The fat man's face relaxed, beamed with understanding. His eyes lost their worried look, instead they started to twinkle merrily. So that was it? The police didn't know, hadn't realized that . . . His voice exploded with relief, the words of explanation tumbling eagerly over each other. Telling the real truth at last.

"So that's why you didn't believe me. You don't know who I am. No wonder you arrested me. Probably think I'm some petty gangster. But I'm 'Race' McNeil. That's why that gun didn't hurt me. It couldn't. You see, my special work is official starter for all the fast races at the sports garden. You know, on your marks, set . . . and bang! That's why I carry that gun. Loaded with blanks. See, Dolan's shots just singed my coat, didn't really hurt me. That gun looks deadly, but it's never had a real bullet in it. And I've got a permit to carry and shoot blanks.

"And when you get through looking surprised, maybe you two detectives will hand me back my gun. I'm late for the start of the 100-yard dash right now."



The Adventures of ALFRED

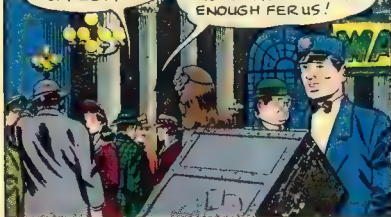
CAN ONE PERSON IMPERSONATE ANOTHER WITHOUT THE AID OF DISGUISE? ASK ALFRED—HE OUGHT TO KNOW... AFTER HIS STELLAR PERFORMANCE AS...
"ALIAS THE BARON!"



AT THE RAILROAD STATION, A SINISTER WELCOMING COMMITTEE SCANS THE CROWD...

MOOCH, HOW WE GONNA RECOGNIZE DA BARON? WE AIN'T GOT NO PITCHER OF DA GLY!

WE DONT NEED NO PITCHER! HE'S ON DA HUB CITY TRAIN... HE DRESSES FANCY, AN' TALKS WID AN ENGLISH ACCENT! DAT'S ENOUGH FER US!



ONCE WE SPOT HIM, WE WON'T HAVE NO TROUBLE! WE'LL TAKE HIM FER A RIDE AND GET RID OF HIM... DA DOITY DOUBLE-CROSSER!

YEAH, ANYBODY WHAT'D TRY TA PUT ONE OVER ONED ROCKET DONT DESERVE NO BETTER!



DAT'S WHAT I SAY! ED CASES DA JOINT, PLANS EVERYTING... AND DEN, WHEN DA BARON PULLS DA JOB, HE TRIES TA GET AWAY WIDOUT DIV-VYING UP!

LUCKY FER ED HE'S GOT FRIENDS! HE COULDN'T GET AWAY FROM HUB CITY TO FOLLOW THE BARON...BUT WE'LL DO THE JOB FOR HIM!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE GREAT STATION...

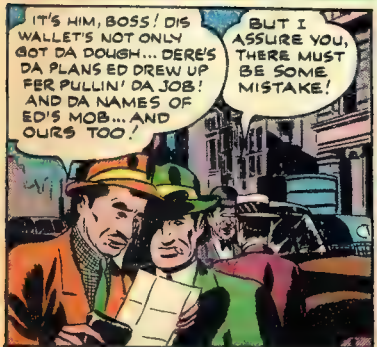
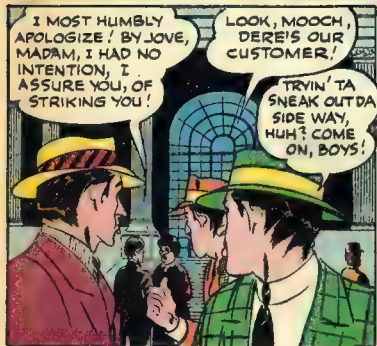
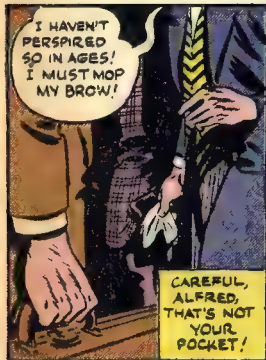
SO LONG, ALFRED! DON'T GET INTO TROUBLE WHILE WE'RE AWAY!

NEVER FEAR, MAWSTER DICK! I INTEND TO STAY AT HOME WITH A GOOD BOOK!



THAT IS, IF I EVER REACH HOME! IT'S DIFFICULT WORK PUSHING THROUGH THIS MOB!







BATMAN



HOWEVER, AS THE WELCOMING PARTY PREPARES TO DEPART WITH ITS UNWILLING GUEST...

WONDER IF ED'S PAL, MOOCH, IS LOOKING FOR ME! TOO BAD THEY DON'T KNOW MY BARON GETUP WAS AS PHONEY AS MY ENGLISH ACCENT!



HOWEVER, THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T LIVE LIKE A LORD ON THE MONEY...



HUH..? THE MONEY'S GONE!



THERE'S MOOCH NOW! SOMEHOW HE MUST HAVE RECOGNIZED ME AFTER ALL!



BUT IF HE THINKS HE CAN GET AWAY WITH THE MONEY HE'S STOLEN FROM ME, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!



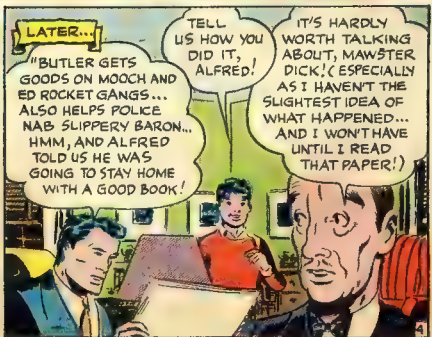
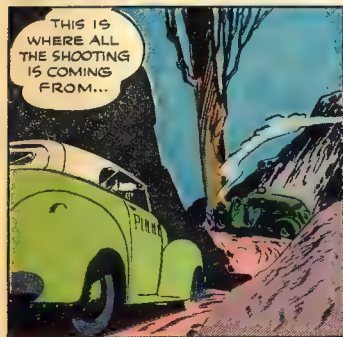
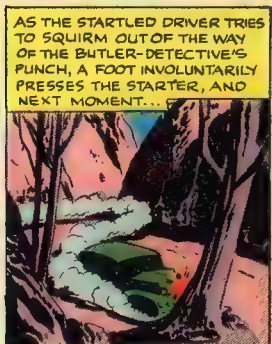
PRESENTLY, AS THE CAR DRAWS TO A SINISTER STOP...

COME ON, BOYS, LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.



WE'LL LOIN DA BARON DAT HE AIN'T SMART ENOUGH TA PULL ANY FAST ONES ON US!





WHAT MAKES A CHAMPION?

Make-up of most champions includes. (1) *Smart coaching*, (2) *Good training*, (3) *Natural ability*, (4) *Hard work*, (5) *Will-to-win*. Greater natural ability is an advantage, but that's all. The will-to-win is in your heart. On items (1) and (2) here's some help.

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Now! You can get expert coaching from world famous sports authorities—in Wheaties new Library of Sports manuals. Each book contains 32 pointer-packed pages. Jammed with straight-from-the-shoulder advice that has paid off in championships. Loaded with action pictures that show exactly how to play your game the champion way.

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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

INTRODUCING IN
THIS ISSUE THAT
AMAZING MAN WHO
IS NEVER DOWN IN
THE MOUTH... THAT
ORIGINAL INDIVIDUAL
WHO WAS VACCINATED
WITH A PHONOGRAPH
NEEDLE... THAT HUMAN
WALKIE-TALKIE —

ALLY BABBLE!

ALSO INVOLVED
ARE HOIMAN AND
SHOIMAN, PLUS SOME
VERY IRATE PEOPLE,
AMONG THE LATTER
BEING **BATMAN**
AND **ROBIN**!

AFTER THAT
INTRODUCTION HE'D
BETTER BE GOOD!
HERE HE IS...

"*Ally Babble*
and the
FOURTEEN
PEEVES!"



BOB
KAN



**A MAN IN MORTAL TERROR?
RUNNING FROM A KILLER,
NO DOUBT!**



**ODD! HIS PURSUER SEEMS TO
CARRY NO WEAPON!**

**NO! NO! KEEP
AWAY! I CAN'T
STAND ANY
MORE!**

BUT, JOE, I ONLY
WANTED TO TELL
YOU WHAT PETE
SAID WHEN MIKE
SAW HIM AND
BILL, AND HOW
... ETC... ETC...



**DID YOU EVER HEAR
ANYBODY *TALK*
SO MUCH?**

AND THEN
HE SAID
...(BLAB,
BLAB, BLAB)
... AND...

GEE, IF I
COULD GAB
LIKE THAT,
MY TEACHER
WOULD BE

AFRAID
TO ASK ME
QUESTIONS!

I'LL BET HE
OILS HIS
TONGUE
EVERY FIFTY
MILES!



IMPERTINENT
IMPS! I DON'T
TALK MUCH,...
I'M JUST
ENTHUSIASTIC,
THAT'S ALL...

OUCH!



**A COWARD! HIT
ME WHEN I
WASN'T LOOKING!
I'LL MANGLE
HIM... I'LL
ETC... ETC...**



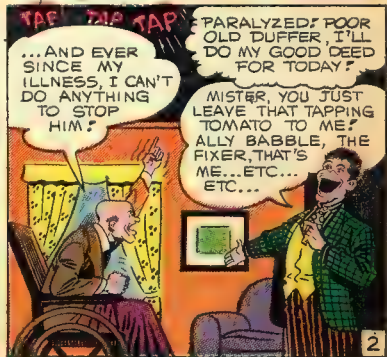
**AH! MY BOOK! THANK
YOU! WHEN I GET
MAD I THROW THINGS!
IT'S THAT TAP DANCER
UPSTAIRS... BANGS
OVER MY HEAD ALL
DAY AND NIGHT...**



**...AND EVER
SINCE MY
ILLNESS, I CAN'T
DO ANYTHING
TO STOP
HIM!**

**PARALYZED! POOR
OLD DUFFER, I'LL
DO MY GOOD DEED
FOR TODAY!**

MISTER, YOU JUST
LEAVE THAT TAPPING
TOMATO TO ME!
ALLY BABBLE, THE
FIXER, THAT'S
ME...ETC...
ETC...





A MOMENT LATER...

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

IT'S EVEN
WORSE NOW!
HE'S
STOMPING
LIKE AN
ELEPHANT!

ALLY BABBLE RETURNS...

HE'S STOPPED NOW,
BUT HE CERTAINLY
WAS THUMPING
THAT FLOOR FOR
A WHILE WITH
HIS BIG
FEET!

THAT
WASN'T
HIS
FEET!
THAT WAS
HIS HEAD!
GET IT?
HEE HAW!

MR. BABBLE, I SEE
YOU KNOW HOW
TO TAKE CARE
OF THINGS.
HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE
TO MAKE
FIVE
THOUSAND
DOLLARS?

Y'SEE,
I... I...
WHAT?

I'M A RICH MAN!
THERE ARE
FOURTEEN THINGS
I'M SORE ABOUT—
NO, THIRTEEN,
NOW THAT THE
DANCER IS
TAKEN CARE
OF, THIRTEEN
PET PEEVES!
I'LL PAY
ANYBODY
WELL WHO
CAN HANDLE
THEM TO MY
SATISFACTION
— FIVE
THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

IT'S A SETUP... A
CINCH! JUST
LEAVE EVERYTHING
TO ME! YOU WON'T
BE DISAPPOINTED!
I—

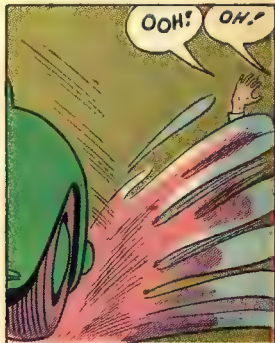
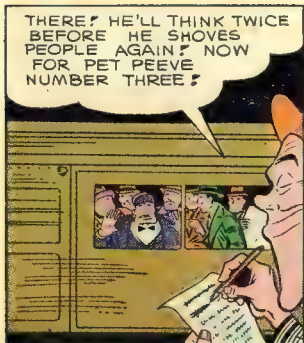
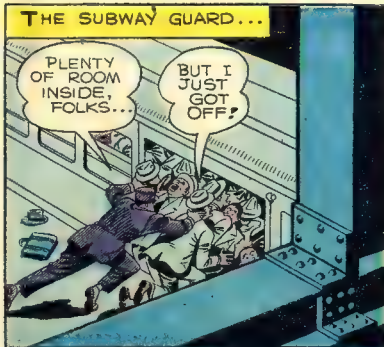
WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY
TO STOP HIS GAB!

MR. BABBLE, I
BELIEVE YOU!
SAY NO MORE!
TAKE THIS LIST
AND GO...
PLEASE GO!
MY EARS!

OKAY...
I CAN
TAKE A
HINT!

PET PEEVE 1: THE DANCER!
WELL, HE'S TAKEN CARE OF!
PET PEEVE 2—"THE SUBWAY
GUARD ON THE UMPTIETH
STREET STATION WHO SHOVS
PEOPLE INTO SUBWAY TRAINS!"
HM—MMM!

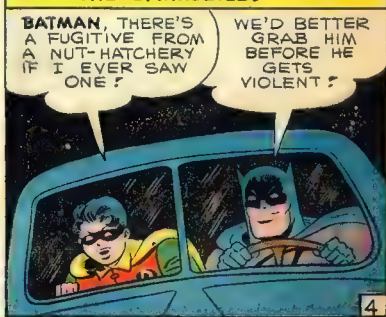
THE SUBWAY GUARD...

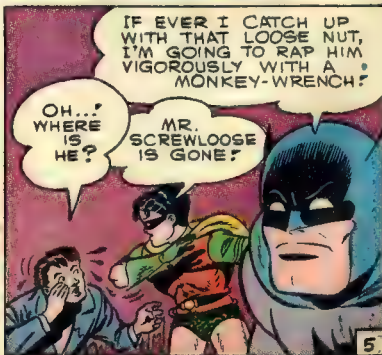
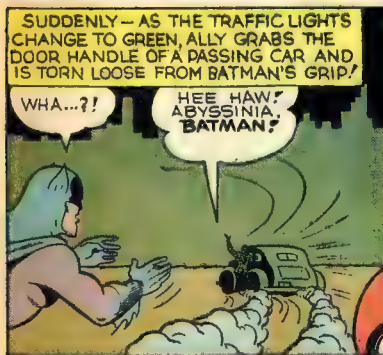
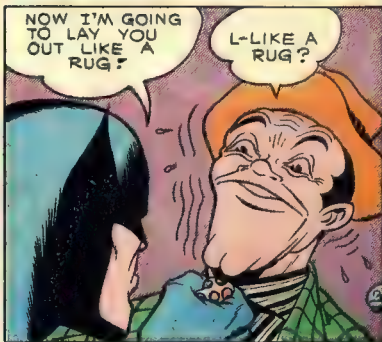
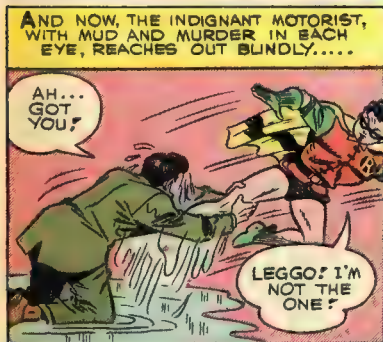
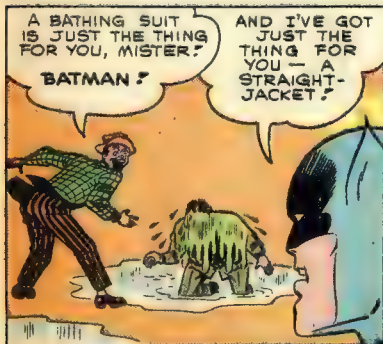


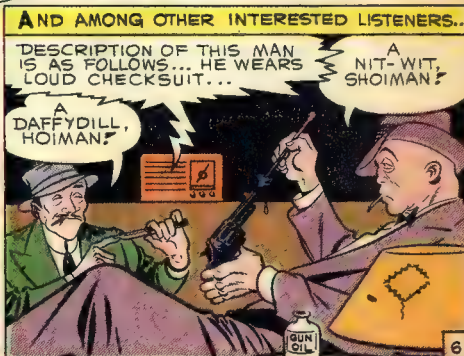
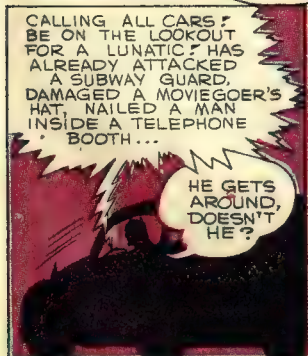
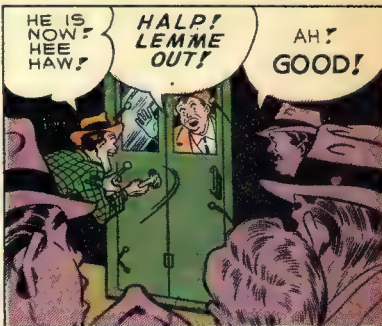
THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS CHANGE TO RED, THE CAR STOPS, AND ALLY SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY!



AMIDST THE WAITING TRAFFIC—THE BATMOBILE!







MEANTIME, UNAWARE OF THE POLICE ALARMS, ALLY BABBLE SKIPS ALONG...

"NUMBER 6... THE BARBER WHO CUTS YOUR HAIR THE WAY HE WANTS TO- LIKE THE BARBER ON MY STREET CORNER."



TWO MINUTES LATER...



OH-OH! LOOK WHO CAME OUT OF THE HOUSE ALLY JUST SCOOTED PAST...

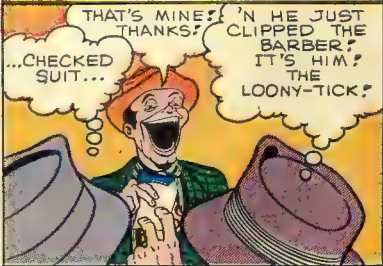
THE GUY DROPPED IT, HOIMAN!

CATCH THIS, SHOIMAN! "PET PEEVES OF JASPER QUINCH. THE TAP DANCER OVER MY HEAD... ETC... ETC..."



ALLY RETURNS... JUST AS HOIMAN AND SHOIMAN HAVE FINISHED THEIR LITERATURE FOR THE DAY...

THAT'S MINE! 'N HE JUST THANKS! ...CHECKED SUIT... 'N HE JUST CLIPPED THE BARBER! IT'S HIM! THE LOONY-TICK!



YOU GOT THE SCORE, HOIMAN? HE'S KNOCKING OUT THEM PET PEEVES ONE BY ONE!

SURE SHOIMAN, SO I THINK WE SHOULD OUGHTA TAIL HIM AND WOIK A WAY TO WRANGLE US SOME WAMPUM!



"PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER 7... THE PERSON WHO BORROWS BOOKS AND NEVER RETURNS THEM! THOMAS TRAFF 14 FOLIO LANE..."

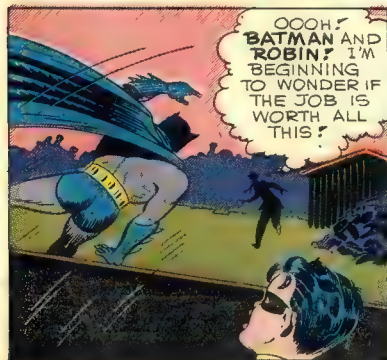
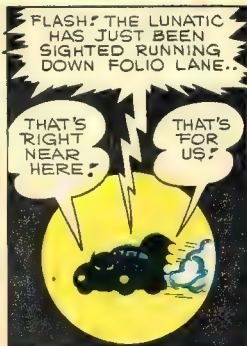
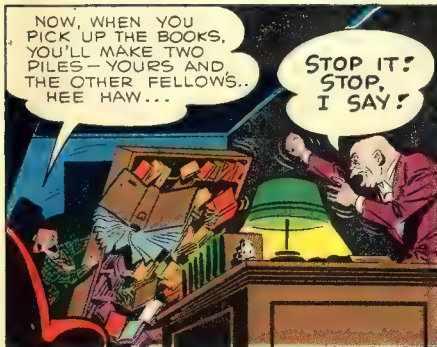


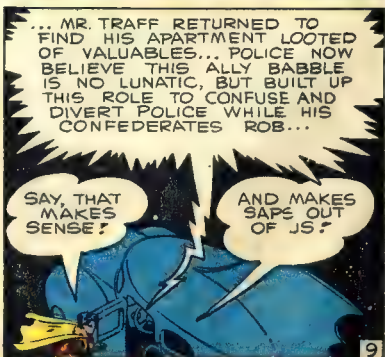
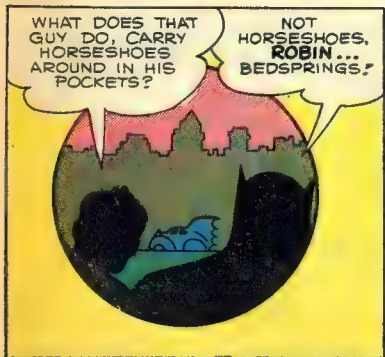
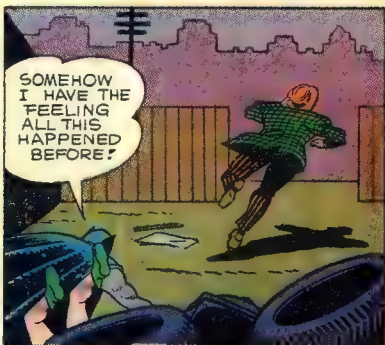
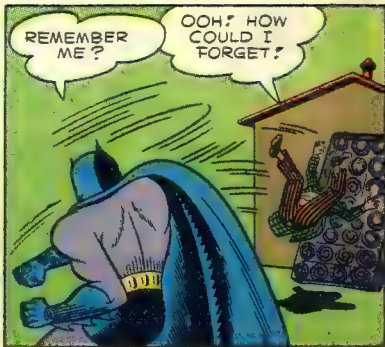
ALLY ENTERS...

YES, WHAT IS IT, MR. BABBLE? I'M A BUSY MAN!

ZAT SO..?







...TO CONFUSE AND DIVERT POLICE WHILE HIS CONFEDERATES ROB...

HAW! AIN'T DAT A GUFFAW, HOIMAN? DEY T'INK WE'RE IN WIT' DAT BABBLE BUM?

"DIVERT POLICE"... NOT A BAD ANGLE, SHOIMAN! IF I REMEMBER DAT PEEVE LIST RIGHT, BABBLE'S TAKIN' CARE OF A RADIO ...THEN HOPPIN' TO THE CLOWN'S CLUB...

THAT RADIO...

THAT FIXES PEEVE NUMBER 8... THE PEST WHO PLAYS HIS RADIO LOUD LATE AT NIGHT!

BLITHELY, ALLY MAKES HIS MERRY WAY TO THE CLOWN'S CLUB... A SOCIETY OF PRACTICAL JOKERS...

"PEST NUMBER 9! THE CLOWN'S CLUB... WHERE PRACTICAL JOKERS THINK IT FUNNY TO TORMENT FELLOW HUMANS WITH HOTFOOTS AND THE LIKE!"

HELLO, BABBLE! MR. QUINCH SENT US OVER TO GIVE YA A HAND WID DE CLOWNS INSIDE! I'M SHOIMAN... DIS IS HOIMAN!

WELL, FINE! HEE HAW!

SO MR. QUINCH SEZ 'A ME, 'ALLY, OLD CHUM ... YOU GO SEE THE CLOWN'S CLUB... A FINE GROUP OF MEN ... ETC... ETC...

WELL, I GUESS I CAN LET YOU IN!

HE TALKED US RIGHT INTO DA JERNT!

YES... THAT SEZ 'A ME OPENS THE 'DOOR TO TROUBLE, HOIMAN!

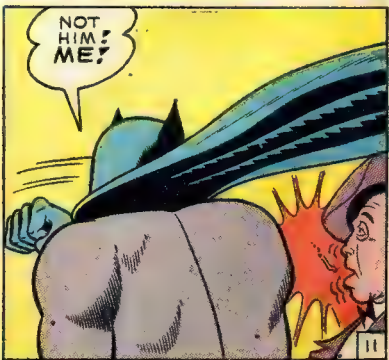
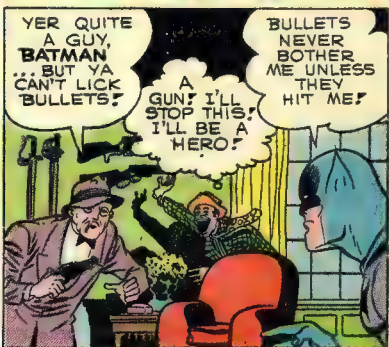
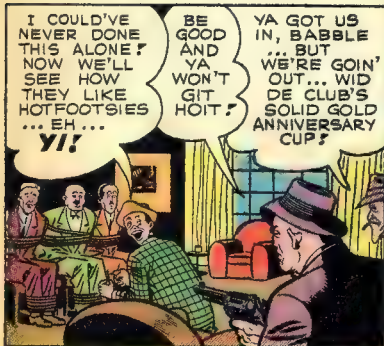
MEANTIME... A FEW MINUTES PREVIOUSLY...

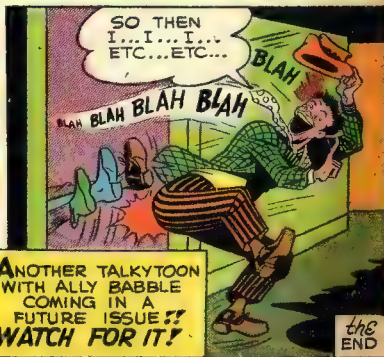
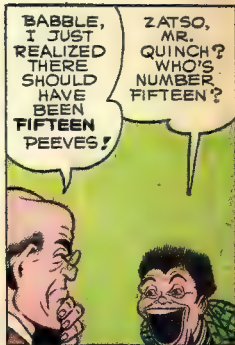
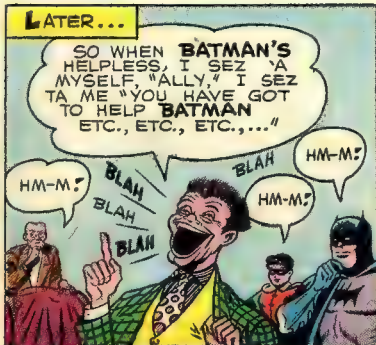
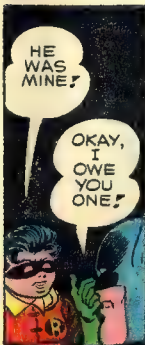
CALLING BATMAN! GO TO JASPER QUINCH... 42 STOVE STREET... HE HAS INFORMATION ABOUT ALLY BABBLE...

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! A BREAK!

... SO YOU SEE, IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I'LL PAY ALL DAMAGES... BUT STOP BABBLE BEFORE HE STARTS MORE TROUBLE!


WHERE WOULD HE BE NOW?





VOLTO

FROM MARS

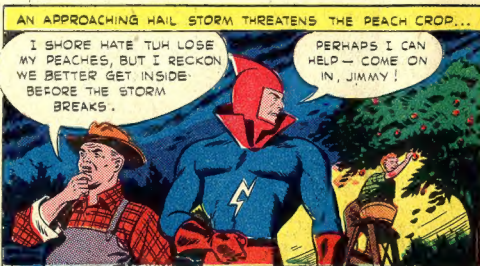


THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD WHEN VOLTO AND JIMMY HELP AMERICA'S FARMERS HARVEST CROPS TO FEED OUR NATION'S FIGHTING MEN! BUT THANKS TO VOLTO'S MIGHTY MAGNETIC POWERS... WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF!

AN APPROACHING HAIL STORM THREATENS THE PEACH CROP...

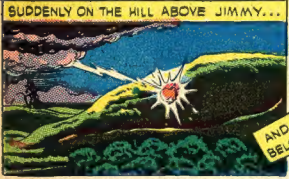
I SHORE HATE TUH LOSE MY PEACHES, BUT I RECKON WE BETTER GET INSIDE BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS.

PERHAPS I CAN HELP— COME ON IN, JIMMY!



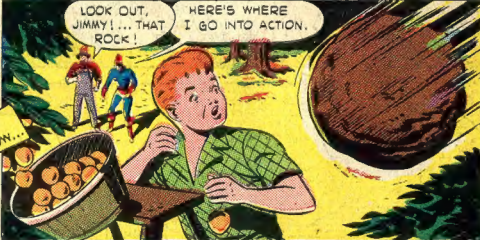
SUDDENLY ON THE HILL ABOVE JIMMY...

AND BELOW...



LOOK OUT, JIMMY!... THAT ROCK!

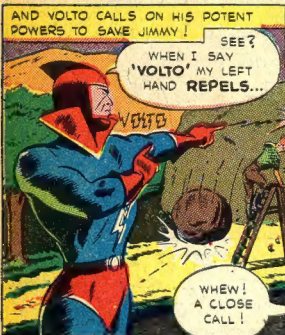
HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO ACTION.



AND VOLTO CALLS ON HIS POTENT POWERS TO SAVE JIMMY!

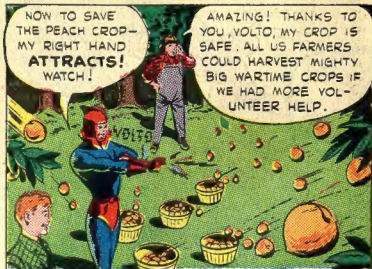
SEE? WHEN I SAY 'VOLTO' MY LEFT HAND REPELS...

WHWO! A CLOSE CALL!



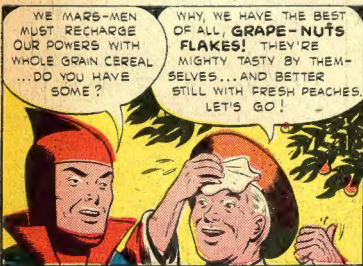
NOW TO SAVE THE PEACH CROP— MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS! WATCH!

AMAZING! THANKS TO YOU, VOLTO, MY CROP IS SAFE. ALL US FARMERS COULD HARVEST MIGHTY BIG WARTIME CROPS IF WE HAD MORE VOL-UNTEER HELP.



WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR POWERS WITH WHOLE GRAIN CEREAL... DO YOU HAVE SOME?

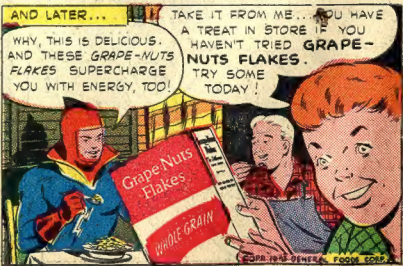
WHY, WE HAVE THE BEST OF ALL, GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES! THEY'RE MIGHTY TASTY BY THEMSELVES... AND BETTER STILL WITH FRESH PEACHES. LET'S GO!



AND LATER...

WHY, THIS IS DELICIOUS. AND THESE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES SUPERCHARGE YOU WITH ENERGY, TOO!

TAKE IT FROM ME... YOU HAVE A TREAT IN STORE IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES. TRY SOME TODAY!



How would you like to read BATMAN and ROBIN Every Day?



SEEMS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, DOESN'T IT? - A BRAND-NEW EXCITING EPISODE IN THE WHIRLWIND ADVENTURES OF YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS
Every day in the week!

BUT IT IS TRUE! **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** APPEAR IN DAILY NEWSPAPER STRIPS AND COLORFUL SUNDAY PAGES IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY! PERHAPS A NEWSPAPER IN YOUR TOWN ALREADY CARRIES THIS SWELL FEATURE. IF SO, WRITE US AND LET US KNOW HOW YOU LIKE IT, AND GIVE US SUGGESTIONS ON HOW WE MIGHT MAKE IT BETTER. BUT IF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** DOESN'T APPEAR IN A NEWSPAPER IN YOUR TOWN, WRITE TO US SAYING YOU'D LIKE TO SEE IT. IF ENOUGH PALS OF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** WRITE IN, WE MAY BE ABLE TO ARRANGE FOR YOUR NEWSPAPER TO CARRY THE STRIP!

SO IT'S UP TO YOU! WRITE RIGHT AWAY-AND TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS TO WRITE, TOO! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER-OR A PENNY POSTCARD-TO:

BATMAN AND ROBIN
ROOM 933
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

PROVE YOU'RE A PAL! - WRITE RIGHT NOW!

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

FLAMING RESCUE!

SAY, "R.C.," I SEE SOMETHING GOOD--A ROYAL CROWN COLA STAND!

QUIET, QUICKIE! I HEAR SOMETHING BAD-- SOMEONE'S YELLING FIRE!

FIRE! FIRE!

BOY, THEY WEREN'T KIDDING! LOOK AT THE FLAMES IN THAT HOUSE!

AND LOOK UP IN THE TOP WINDOW, QUICKIE--THERE'S A GIRL UP THERE!

HELP!

THERE'S A LOT OF SMOKE COMING OUT OF THAT WINDOW--HEY! THAT GIRL HAS COLLAPSED!

HURRY, QUICKIE! YOU GO TURN IN AN ALARM. I'M GOING UP AND GET HER!

I SURE HOPE QUICKIE GOT THE FIRE DEPARTMENT. THIS FLOOR'S ABOUT READY TO FALL THROUGH. WHEW--WHAT SMOKE!

"R.C." RUSHES INTO THE BURNING HOUSE AND UP TWO FLIGHTS OF STAIRS TO THE TOP STORY. THE GIRL HAS SLIPPED FROM THE WINDOW TO THE FLOOR.

AH--THEY GOT HERE, AND THEY'VE SPREAD A LIFE NET! OVER YOU GO, MISS--IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT!

PICKING UP THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL, HE STAGGERS TO THE WINDOW...DROPS HER INTO A NET HELD BY FIREMEN BELOW

BOY! I'LL BET "R.C." WISHES HE WAS SITTING DOWN DRINKING ROYAL CROWN COLA RIGHT NOW

"R.C." SEES THE FIREMEN CATCH THE GIRL SAFELY AND THEN JUMPS HIMSELF!

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE? YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

SO'S THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA.

YOU'RE WELCOME, MISS--AND QUICKIE'S RIGHT--IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST!

COWBOY STAR JIMMY WAKELY SAYS:

SURE THING! IT DOES TASTE BEST!

Cowboy star Jimmy Wakely has a sharp taste for colas! He tried leading colas in paper cups and picked the one that tasted best. It was Royal Crown Cola! "R.C.'s my favorite 'quick-up' treat!" says Jimmy. Try it today! 2 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle.

See Jimmy Wakely in
"SONG OF THE RANGE"
a Monogram picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!



FLATTERMANN